

Venus the New Queen.

VENUS, which has been playing the role of morning star for several months, soon passes superior conjunction with the sun, to emerge into the evening half of the sky. However, she will remain behind the curtain of the sunset for a while before beginning coyly to show herself in the west; but during the Winter she will rule the stage.

The Heart Breaker

Mildred Expresses the Opinion That Young Hilton Is a Genuine Man of the World.

CHAPTER XI.
"WON'T you come in?" Honora said as she and Arthur Bruce reached the gate.
"I'd like to," Arthur replied. "Do you know," with a wistful look, "that you have helped me a lot? When I met you I was as blue as indigo. Now things look a lot brighter. You are quite a wonder as a cheerer, Honora."
"Won't you come in?" she repeated. "I would be very glad to have you do so."
His expression changed. "Others might not be," he remarked.
The girl seemed not to understand. "Mrs. Higgins is always glad to see you, and nobody else is here. You know Mrs. Higgins considers you an extremely nice young man," she added, teasingly, with a light laugh.
"Perhaps she does," he smiled. "But I fancy she has found me a bit of a nuisance at times. But if you say not, I withdraw my statement."
Honora knew he had been thinking of Mildred, and of her only, but she pretended to believe that Mrs. Higgins had been the person he had had in mind.
"Since I have set your fears at rest on that score, come on into the house," she suggested once more, opening the gate.
He started to follow her, when the sound of an automobile coming rapidly up the street made the pair pause and turn around.
"It's Mr. Hilton's car," Honora remarked. "Can he be bringing Milly home? But no—at least that is not his chauffeur with her on the front seat."
"Whoever he is, he drives like the devil," Arthur observed. With a sudden grinding of brakes, the car drove up sharply at the curb. The driver sprang out, then held out his hand to Mildred.
"I don't know who he is," Honora remarked sotto voce.
She was not to remain long in ignorance. Her sister hurried forward, bringing the young man with her.
"Honora," her manner excited and her eyes shining, "I want you to know Mr. Hilton. He's John Hilton's nephew, you know. He's going to Canada in a day or two to enlist."
Honora bowed, repeated the stranger's name as she shook hands with him, then, turning to Arthur said:
"A Giggling Girl."
"Mr. Hilton, allow me to introduce our friend, Mr. Bruce."
"Glad to meet you, Mr. Bruce," young Hilton said graciously. "I have just been giving myself the pleasure, Miss Brent, of bringing your sister home. I dropped into my uncle's office and found he was not ready to leave just yet—so I swiped his car."
"But you asked his permission—first—you know you did," Mildred amended with a giggle.
Arthur regarded her gravely. Her face was flushed and her whole bearing was that of one in a twitter of excitement or elation.
Some girls and women change their manner as soon as an attractive man appears on the horizon. Mildred was one of these. Arthur Bruce had not noticed this tendency until now—because he had always been the lucky man for whom her manner changed. Now that it was for another man, he resented it.
Indeed, Mildred had never been so much thrilled by anyone's attentions as by those of this embryo soldier. As she met Bruce's clear gaze she flushed self-consciously.
"You remember, Arthur, that I mentioned Mr. Hilton as the man

Puss in Boots Advice to the Jr.

By David Cory.
ONE day, after a long voyage, the Magic Boat landed in a land where every boy is taught two things, the grace of hospitality and to understand and rule his horse. It was the land of Arabia where little Puss Junior found himself. Here the wandering Arabs live in tents and cross the sandy wastes on camels.
Well, when Puss came near a large tent, which stood in an oasis where a little stream bubbled up from the ground and a few palm trees grew, an Arab woman came out and offered him some dates, and a little Arab boy smiled at him. For I guess he had never seen a cat with red top boots in all his life.
And then he sat down and told Puss all about life in Arabia. How brave the women were, and how once his mother, like Joan of Arc, had led the Arab warriors to battle. She had ridden a black-painted horse, and when she dropped into my uncle's office and found he was not ready to leave just yet—so I swiped his car."
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HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD

To wash a sunshade, have ready a tub of warm soft water, a piece of good soap, and a nail brush. Rub the soap thickly on the brush, moisten it well with the water, and then brush the opened sunshade on the outside, paying special attention to the soiled marks that always run up the middle of each division. Also brush thoroughly, but lightly, round the top. When the outside has been adequately cleaned place the sunshade firmly on the table and brush each division in the inside. The soap should then be well removed by pouring over the sunshade plenty of cold soft water. Lastly, pour over the silk a solution of gum-water, which gives a slight stiffening and tends to make the fabric look like new. Leave the sunshade open in a warm room until dry, and if there is any lace on it this must be dampened and ironed on the wrong side. The gum-water may be prepared by dissolving four ounces of gum arabic in one quart of boiling water. For the sunshade use a tablespoonful of this solution in half a pint of water.

To freshen milk which is beginning to turn sour, add a very small quantity of carbonate of soda—enough to cover a ten-cent piece—to a pint of milk and boil the milk, which will then be quite sweet and will keep.

Before scraping new potatoes soak a little while with a small piece of common soda in the water, and you will find that the potatoes will not be soiled, as they are after scraping in the usual way.

To clean white feathers, dissolve two ounces of white curd soap in two pints of warm water, make into a lather, dip in the feathers, and pour up and down until clean. Then curl feathers, allow them to become almost dry, then shake before a fire till the fronds curl.

To renovate brown boots and shoes, wash them well in warm water and soft soap, using a hard nailbrush.

Do Not Think Friendship Authorizes You to Say Disagreeable Thing

Magazine Page

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

Young Hilton Is a Genuine Man of the World.

edged. "If I am doing anything, I do not waste any time about it. It's a way I have about everything."
He gazed down meaningfully into her eyes. "I wish," he murmured, "that I could spend even three days more in Fairlands."
The girl dimpled with pleasure. There was no mistaking the meaning he wished his words to convey.
"But you can write to Fairlands, can't you?" she challenged.
"I can—and will!" he replied with a bow. "Thanks for the beautiful suggestion."
When he had gone and the sister entered the house together, Mildred spoke impulsively.
"Isn't he a genuine man of the world? Can't you see what difference there is between him and Arthur?"
"Tomorrow, probably," he said. "I meant to leave before this—but I was detained."
"I am glad you didn't," Mildred declared, looking up at him. "For, if you had, I would not have had that spin uptown with you. You are a wonderful driver."
"I am a fast driver," he acknowledged.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.
Is He a Lover?
Do you think a girl should spend her time on a man who comes around to see her only during the week and never on Saturday or Sunday or other holidays? And then again, he does not come around every week to see her either. She likes him very much.
Would you advise her to tell this man that she loves him? Maybe that would induce him to call more often. He has never mentioned anything about love to her.
EDITH.
My dear Edith, I must protest against your point of view. You seem to feel unjustly because a young man calls upon you without proposing marriage. Isn't that rather too much to expect of a merely friendly caller?
If he is not in love with you, your confession of love for him now would place him in an awkward position, and perhaps end your friendship. Why don't you let the situation develop naturally?

A Case for Sympathy.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:
I am a girl of eighteen. As people say, I have a nice face, but I have to wear thick eyeglasses, which make me look homely. I am always home and never go anywhere for as soon as I come among company they always make some remark about what thick glasses I wear, which hurts me very much.
For that reason alone I try to avoid company as much as possible. I pass many sleepless nights, thinking what will become of me. I often wish myself dead.
MABEL D.
This may sound like a trivial misfortune, but I know very well that it is not, and that a sensitive girl can suffer miserably from just such a cause. But you can overcome the difficulty, of course, by learning to forget your glasses, and when you can do this other people will forget them, too. The way to accomplish this is to get deeply interested in something. It doesn't matter what. Take a clerical position, or learn to be a kindergarten teacher. Only don't sit at home and brood.

Is This Patriotism?

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:
My mother thinks me absolutely incurable. I think I have done nothing but a patriotic and human duty. A friend and I, girls, were taking a walk. Two United States soldiers asked us if we would allow them to walk with us. They were so nice we couldn't refuse. They said they knew no one here and that they were going across soon, as we could see from their hobnails and overseas caps. We walked with them for two hours, and when they left us they asked us to go the following night to see a show.
Now, there was nothing in the boys' actions to make us distrust them, and we are college girls, supposed to have some sense. We consented to go, and there my trouble began, so far as my mother is concerned.
I wish you would convince her that there is nothing wrong in what I have done, although I admit that there would be some danger if we were not sensible girls.
H. G.

A Matter of Gender.

The bell of a Scottish church was giving out a very poor tone, and a committee was appointed to inquire as to what was wrong and to report on the best means of putting it right. After an examination the members were divided in their opinion, and the clerk officer who was in attendance with the keys, was asked his view. "Fine. A ken what's wrong wi' the bell," he remarked: "It's a shee-yin"—meaning that it was of the feminine gender. Pressed to explain, he added: "It's tongue's over long—it's needin' to be clipped!" And this turned out to be really the fault. The tongue had become loosened to the extent of an inch or so, and was overlapping the curve at the rim, and therefore not striking truly.

The Basque Reappears



The basque has reappeared, and here is an interesting illustration of its use in an afternoon gown of bronze satin crepe. The side opening is an attractive feature, and the oddly cut buttons with the finishing touch of mole at the neck add to its beauty. The waist is one of the latest models, as shown in Good House-keeping for November, very smart and yet not too expensive.

Right By the Village Graveyard the Other Night Sambo Ran Into That Pig Which Escaped From the Toonerville Peace Celebration Parade.

By FONTAINE FOX.



A Fishy Story.

The editor of an angling paper recently received the following letter: I have read an interesting account of singing fish in your paper. It recalled to me the mem-

ory of a rather remarkable fish we have in Nova Scotia. It is known as the "Front Fish," because it may be frozen like a lump of ice, but, if placed in water in that condition, it soon thaws out and swims about as vigorously as ever. The natives

make use of this property to make ice cream. The fish is caught, frozen, and placed in the cream. In thawing it out, it freezes the cream, and in its movements at the same time beats the mixture, making it smooth.

This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the death of Robert Clive, who won India for Great Britain, and who, at the height of his renown, was tried and received a qualified acquittal from Parliament. He committed suicide, being unable to survive the implied disgrace.

The "Zepp's" Passenger

AN EXCITING AND ROMANTIC NEW SPY SERIAL
Philippa Warns Lessingham That Griffiths Suspects Him, But He Refuses to Flee.

"And Mr. Lessingham will come this way at once," Helen insisted. "I haven't had a real case since I got my certificate, and I'm going to bind his head up."
Philippa began to feel her strength returning. The horror which lay behind these few minutes of nightmare rose up again in her mind. Mills had hurried into the bathroom, and the other two were preparing to follow. She stopped them.
"Mr. Lessingham," she said, "listen. Captain Griffiths has been here. He knows or guesses everything."
"Everything?"
Philippa nodded.
"Helen must bind your head up, of course," she continued. "After that, think! What can we do? Captain Griffiths knows that there was no Hamar Lessingham at college with Dick, that he never visited Wood Norton, that there is some mystery about your arrival here, and he told me to my face that he believes you to be Bertram Maderstrom."

"What a meddlesome fellow!" Lessingham grumbled, holding his handkerchief to his forehead.
"Oh, please be serious!" Helen begged, looking up from the bandage which she was preparing. "This is horrible!"
"Don't I know it?" Philippa groaned.
"Mr. Lessingham, you must please try and escape from here. You can have the car, if you like. There must be some place where you can go and hide until you can get away from the country."
"But I'm dining here tonight," Lessingham protested. "I'm not going to hide anywhere."
The two women exchanged glances of despair.
"Can't I make you understand?" Philippa exclaimed passionately. "You're in danger here—really in danger!"

Lessingham's demeanor showed no appreciation of the situation.
"Of course, I can quite understand," he said, "that Griffiths is suspicious about me, but, after all, no one can prove that I have broken the law here, and I shall not make things any better by attempting an opera bouffe flight. Can I have my head tied up and come and talk to you about it later on?"
"Oh, if you like," Philippa assented weakly. "I can't argue."
She made her way up to her room and changed her wet clothes. When she came down, Lessingham was standing on the hearth rug in the library, with a piece of buttered toast in one hand and a cup of tea in the other. His head was very neatly bound up, and he seemed quite at his ease.

"You know," he began, as he wheeled a chair up to the fire for her, "that Mr. Griffiths doesn't like me. He never took to me from the first. I could see that. It is comical to think that I don't like Griffiths. He is one of those mean, suspicious sort of characters we could very well do without."
Philippa, who had rehearsed a little speech several times in her bedroom, tried to be firm.
"Mr. Lessingham," she said, "you know that we are both your friends. Do listen, please. Captain Griffiths is commandant here and in a position of authority. He has a very large power. I honestly believe that it is his intention to have you arrested—if not tonight, within a very few days."

"Do not see how the case," Lessingham objected, helping himself to another piece of toast. "I have committed no crime here. I have played golf with all the respectable old gentlemen in the place, and I have given the committee some excellent advice as to the two new holes. I have played bridge down at the club the same manner as did the men of the Neolithic Age. The flints go to Africa, South America and China. Flintlock muskets are still used by many negroes in the depths of Africa, and shipments of the bits of stone flint ready market there."

do to me."
Philippa tried bluntness.
"You have served in the German army, and you are living in a protected area under a false name," she declared.
"Well, of course, there is some truth in what you say," he admitted, "but even if they have tumbled to that and can prove it, I should be no good by running away. To be perfectly serious," he added, setting his cup down, "there is only one thing at the present which would take me out of Drey-march; and that is if you believe that my presence here would further compromise you and Miss Fairclough."
Philippa was beginning to find her courage.
"We're in it already, up to the neck," she observed. "I really don't see that anything matters so far as we are concerned."
"In that case," he decided, "I shall have the honor of presenting myself at the usual time."

CHAPTER XXIII.
Philippa and Helen met in the drawing room, a few minutes before 8 that evening. Philippa was wearing a new black dress, a model of simplicity to the untutored eye, but full of that undefinable appeal to the mysterious which even the greatest artist frequently fails to create out of any form of color. Some fancy had induced her to strip off her jewels at the last moment, and she wore no ornaments save a band of black velvet around her neck. Helen looked at her curiously.
"Is this a fresh scheme for conquest, Philippa?" she asked, as they stood together by the log fire.
Philippa unexpectedly flushed.
"I don't know what I was thinking about, really," she confessed. "Is that the exact time, I wonder?"
"Two minutes to 8," Helen replied.
"Mr. Lessingham is always so punctual," Philippa murmured. "I wonder if Captain Griffiths would dare."

"We've done our best to warn him," Helen reminded her friend. "The man is simply pig-headed." "I can't help feeling that he's right," Philippa declared, and she argued that they couldn't really prove anything against him.
"Does that matter," Helen asked anxiously, "so long as he is an enemy living under a false name here?"
"You don't think they'd— they'd—"

"Forget him!" Helen whispered, lowering her voice. "They couldn't do that! They couldn't do that!" The clock began to chime. Suddenly Philippa, who had been listening, gave a little exclamation of relief.
"I hear his voice!" she exclaimed. "Thank goodness!"
Helen's relief was almost as great as her companion's. A moment later Mills ushered in their guest. He was still wearing his bandage, but his color had returned. He seemed, in fact, almost gay.
"Nothing has happened, then?" Philippa demanded anxiously, as soon as the door was closed.
"Nothing at all," he answered them. "Our friend Griffiths is terribly afraid of making a mistake."

"So afraid that he wouldn't come and dine. Never mind, you'll have to take care of us both," she added, as Mills announced dinner.
"I'll do my best," he promised, offering his arm.
(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)
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An Ancient Industry.

Millions of flints are produced annually in England by "knappers," who use much the same tools and work in much the same manner as did the men of the Neolithic Age. The flints go to Africa, South America and China. Flintlock muskets are still used by many negroes in the depths of Africa, and shipments of the bits of stone flint ready market there.

Can You Plan a Victory Thanksgiving Dinner?

NEVER has there been so much cause for making the Great American Feast Day an occasion for real and genuine Thanksgiving. Let's see what you would suggest for a fitting feast for the occasion. The Times will give—

- \$7.50 First Prize
- \$5.00 Second Prize
- \$2.50 Third Prize

—for the three best menus (with recipes) submitted by Friday evening, 6 P. M., November 22.

Send menus to Menu Editor, The Washington Times.